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Newport Mercury.

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Children's Corner.

SCHOOLS IN THE GREAT WEST.

(See 2.)

WHAT A BOY SHOULD DO AND HOW
HE SHOULD DO IT.

Selected Tales.

DONATION VISITS.

BY T. H. ARTHUR.

THE CONGREGATION of the Rev. Jason Edwards was made of very good sort of people, as the saying is. They liked their minister very well; only it did seem to them that it took a power of money to support his family.

They paid him regularly the handsome

salary of three hundred dollars a year besides providing for his use, with

ground enough for a garden; yet, notwithstanding this, the minister was always poor. It was plain he must waste his money in extravagance of some sort or other; but he was a good man and preached the word faithfully; so that so bore with him, and endeavored to make up the constantly occurring deficiency by forced efforts of one kind or another. Every Fall he was favored with a donation party, which was expected to put him beyond the reach of want for the next six months—not for a whole year.

On the last occasion of this kind, it was the pleasure of those who had the ordering of public matters in the congregation, to decide upon a regular Donation Party, notice of which was served to the minister.

The afternoon and evening on which the affair was to come off, proved altogether propitious, unfortunately for the minister, and there was of course, a large turn out of men, women and children. Mr. and Mrs. A——, who contributed a pair of yarn stockings for Mr. Edwards and three pounds of home made sausages, felt entitled, of course, to bring her three boys along, each of whom, having saved his appetite since morning, could devour in the way of cakes, pies and more solid articles of food—the contributions of other members—about three times the value of those articles.

Mr. and Mrs. B——, who furnished a pair of India rubber shoes for Mr. Edwards and a worked cap for the baby, also felt priviledged to bring their two daughters along whose appetites were likewise sharpened for the occasion. And something after the same fashion was it with the C——, D——, E—— and F——.

The conclusion of the whole matter was that it was to be a "party the majority

of those who came, brought such things as would best serve the occasion, half forgotten in their anticipations of pleasure, the real objects they proposed to accomplish.

Eatables and drinkables, therefore, made up more than two thirds of all that was advanced; and these were mostly in articles of present consumption.

One old farmer more substantial in

his notions than the rest, did bring a whole hog and another provided a couple of hams—but one of the hams disappeared at supper time.

In fact, on the morning after the donation party, Mr. Edwards, instead of feeling in a comfortable state of mind, so far as this world's goods were concerned, felt considerably poorer than before; for while the visitation which he had been favored with was of but little real benefit, he knew that the impression had gone abroad through the congregation, that he was so over supplied with everything good for the natural man, as to be unable to exhaust the stock for six months.

In consequence of this, individuals who would otherwise have remembered him, would now omit their loads of wood, bags of potatoes or meal, and sundry things of like nature, under the impression that such presents would be entirely superfluous.

Mr. Edwards was hardly a man suited

for a congregation like that at Exeter.—He had really too much refinement, delicacy and independence of feeling. These donation visits and parties were particularly unpleasant to him, for they were attended with so much that was patronizing; so much, that hurt his self-respect, that their occurrence, apart from all other considerations, was especially annoying.

His salary was paid to him, as something to which he had a right. He received that as a fulfillment of a contract, therefore, and the deficit had every year, to be made up by the congregation, and this came to him in a half grudging gratuity and therefore its reception always wounded him. After all, the members of the church had to meet his expenses, and it cost them quite as much to do so, after the fashion they seemed to prefer, as to have paid him a sufficient salary at once, and let him provide, in true independence, for his family. This was seen and felt by Mr. Edwards, and it frettet him whenever his mind recurred to his subject.

I've brought you something to drive

Jack Frost away the coming winter," said the farmer, as he entered the parlor of Mr. Edwards.

"You are very kind," returned the minister, as he took the hand of his parishioner, and invited him to sit down. The little talk that succeeded was rather constrained on both sides. The farmer felt embarrassed, for he was a man of excellent feelings and some knowledge of human nature, and Mr. Edwards was equally constrained.

As soon as the last log of wood was

thrown from the wagon, the farmer arose,

and bidding the minister farewell, retired.

He didn't feel altogether pleased at his part, for there was a perception in his mind that the minister's natural independence had been hurt. He knew how it would be with himself if their relations with each other were reversed.

Soon after the farmer retired, one of the ladies of the congregation came. She

referred to, done his share in that line, he

had quite naturally a feeling of sympathy for those who came together for purposes of festivity, particularly as they had brought provisions.

"I see no use in providing a good supper, if people don't bring good appetites to the entertainments," said he. "Besides, you know that each one brought something."

"Yes, I know that. One lady who came

with her two daughters, brought a pint of cream and a cotton night cap; and another,—but the minister checked himself. I must not refer to these things. All I now

ask brother, is that without speaking of my wishes in the matter, you will use influence to save me from the affliction of another donation party."

"I don't know why you should grudge

—excuse my freedom—the little your visitors happen to want," said the official.

"How much do you think I had left, after

nearly all the congregation had fed themselves to repletion?" inquired the minister, who was spurred into speaking more plainly than was his custom.

"Enough provisions to last you three or four months, besides the wood and clothing."

"Not enough provisions to keep the family for two weeks; and as for clothing, I could have bought with five dollars more that would have been ready useful in the family, than all was received. There you have the plain truth. I speak it now for your own ears. You now understand why I want no more donation parties. The last was pretty much as all the others have been—a great deal more trouble than profit—leaving me with the reputation of having received large supplies of all things needful, then, in reality, I was little if any better off than before."

The mental vision of the brother was a little clearer on at least one subject, after hearing this declaration. He went away more thoughtful than when he came—

There was no donation party, but, in its stead, a donation visit was planned, and Mr. Edwards duly notified of the time when it was to take place.

On Saturday, the 20th of October, the day appointed for this interesting event, the minister's little household was in a state of restless anticipation, pleasant, according to the temperament of the individual.

Mrs. Edwards, who probably felt the exhaustion of all things temporal more severely than her husband, could not help letting her imagination picture at least some things more particularly needed than others. There was a new bonnet for herself. No doubt some of the kind sisters had noticed how rusty and defaced hers had become, and would supply the need.

"I hope they will not bring two bonnets," she said to herself as she mused on the subject. It was settled in her mind, one would come. The trouble was, least two of the church members should decide upon the same article—a thing that seemed to her quite natural; all must have observed how greatly she stood in need of a new bonnet. Then there were clothes for the children. Her two boys must have each a couple of winter suits. So plain a want as this any one could see.

"I'm sure," said she to her husband, "that Mr. Jenkins, who owns the factory, will bring some of his nice satinet to make jackets and pantaloons for the boys."

"Can't tell anything about it," replied Mr. Edwards, to whose mind anticipations wrought a feeling of disturbance and humiliation.

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of those who came, brought such things as

would best serve the occasion, half forgotten in their anticipations of pleasure, the real objects they proposed to accomplish.

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Beyond this, a few pairs of shoes and stockings, numerous ornamental articles

encouraged by former fashions, a casket of odds and ends. Still, we will have to realize all her pleasant anticipations of welcome given once to their island home. But when all the scenes of earth are passed away, may she welcome us all to those heavenly mansions where she has gone to be forever with the Lord.

Go home! Blest saint go home!

Though long and weary was thy pilgrim way,

From early morn to twilight's fading ray;

Thy hours of rest have come.

Go, thy works follow thee—

The blessing of the poor and wandering,

Young souls led right, strong steps once faltering,

The benison shall be.

Sweet is thy memory,

Young footsteps follow in thy steps to tread,

And arise, as from thy spirit feed,

We do not know the author of the lines in the New England from which the above is taken, but that the young may covet to follow in her footsteps. Some of you children may know dear Mrs. Ludlow, but she took a very deep interest in your welfare. Some of the sweetest things in the "Child's Corner" of the *Mercury* were written by her. Now we have lost her. How deeply she lived to gather a little group of children around her to tell them fibs stories, and talk to them of her elder brother, the precious Savior. She knew that she was soon going home, and she used to look forward very joyfully to the time when she should depart and be with Christ. Oh, how earnestly she used to pray for those who came to her for counsel and sympathy. "Fathers' fancies" were often gathered to the minister's door, and he would be sure to receive all their pleasant anticipations of welcome given once to their island home. But when all the scenes of earth are passed away, may she welcome us all to those heavenly mansions where she has gone to be forever with the Lord.

—

MARY LYNN.—THE last interview when Sister Lynn ever gave to her scholars at Mount Holyoke, contained this characteristic sentence: "There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fear to do it."—but her pupils who were wont to say, "when you choose our field of labor, go where no one is willing to go."

—

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.—Said one to an aged friend, "I had a letter from a distant correspondent, who inquired if you were in the land of the living." "No," replied the venerable man, "but I am going there. This world is alone the way of shadow, and the eternal is the only one of living realities."

—

A mother's countenance is the first book read in the nursery and the last one laid aside.

—

Poetry.

For the *Mercury*.

TO MY SISTER.

We are but two, my sister!

These words are fraught with grief,

Reminding me of painful hours.

When tears brought no relief,

When death, on snowy pinions came,

From out the shadowy land,

From all its arms, encircled close,

Two sisters of our hand.

And we are but two, dear sister.

Let us go, hand in hand;

The dark horizon o'er us

By hope's fair boughs spanned.

And though we claim, long, long ago,

Two fair and lovely flowers,

Whose hearts were filled with joyousness,

In childhood's happy hours;

And they, the loved and early-called,

Have gained the radiant shore,

Where trials doomed to meet,

Can reach them nevermore.

We are but two, my sister,

Oh, may our hearts entwine,

And offer pure affection's wreath

Upon a hallowed shrine;

And though us, may our parents find,

Pleasure and comfort flow,

Like waters from a living stream,

Refreshing as they go.

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And they, the loved and early-called,

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We are but two, my sister!

On life's tempestuous sea,

Our bark is swiftly speeded,

There breakers on our lee,

But let us, then, a pilot take,

Whose power can peace restore,

And guide us safely o'er the waves,

To yonder shining shore,

North Bridgewater, April 17. M. B. B.

—

THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.

Yes, there's a joy in doing good

That's never known;

A right's not so d—p, so rich n—t pure,

It sets t—neat a l—w;

A drang t—sox t—fairly

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The Newport Mercury.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1859.

ALMOT every arrival from Europe, seems to increase the probabilities of a war in that quarter. It is now many months since it could be said, that the nations between which war is expected to commence, were really at peace.—Causes arising far back in history, more probably than any complications of a recent origin, have brought to the very point of collision, where the social and political system of the subjects as well as of the sovereigns, may be instantaneously shaken to its centre. But, from what ever cause the war may seem to commence, there will probably be other elements engaged in the conflict, when it comes, to make it a matter of the greatest uncertainty when and where it will terminate. It will be no distant and distinct encounter, like that compound of noiseless and heartless pomp, which so lately came off in the Crimea. The excesses, the cruelties, the devastations that may follow in all the ranks of suffering humanity, may yet be as great or greater, when compared with those scenes shown us in history—and notwithstanding all the supposed or real progress of civilization in what may be called the populous of enlightened Europe.

But let us not condemn them in advance.—Popular or liberal principles there are, like the seed that was sown among thorns. And it has been inferred from unsuccessful attempts, that the people in that quarter are incapable of self-government. But from the frequent failures of rulers of any kind, to govern their subjects in any better manner than their subjects would govern themselves, it might as well be inferred also, that the people are incapable of being governed. They are no doubt too ignorant to be well fitted for either purpose—to govern themselves, or to be governed by others—and about as unfit for one, as for the other purpose. In one case, they shun themselves; in the other, they are abused by their rulers. But if liberal governments had been as often tried as arbitrary ones have been, who knows but that the induction would be altogether in favor of such an improvement in the condition of every people? True indeed it is, that education there is limited to a few, and does not penetrate the mass of society. But whether educated or not, they are all in possession of vindictive passions, and subject periodically to revolutionary excitement. Events of modern as well as ancient date show, that there is no extreme to which despotic rulers have descended, in opposition to peace and the reasonable enjoyment of life, and in defiance of temperance, humanity and wisdom,—no extreme of virulence, we mean, to which they may not again descend—and if not on this occasion, yet at some future time, when a like occasion shall appeal to arms for like purposes.

Besides, the intelligence of a few, is no great safeguard against the evils which may follow from the common impulse of the many, when disengaged from the usual restraints under which they have been enslaved, and they are left to rush blindly on, to demolish every vestige of government which reminds them of the humiliation they have escaped. Under such circumstances, the few will remonstrate in vain, if they remonstrate at all. The natural effect of superior intelligence, is to render the mind more susceptible to the opinions of others in the same community, and not merely to others. Sometimes it is confined to a train of impressions, which succeed one another without being subject to any control. From these definitions of insanity, it is evident, that without any other cause, those who voluntarily dwell upon one class of ideas only, are constantly tending to that condition. As the current of thought, when once it has worn a channel so deep that it must always be confined within the banks, has to this extent the peculiar elements of a confirmed insanity.

It is a presumption of law, in such cases, that every man is sane, and that the taking away of the life of another is always a matter of malice.

With which they value more than their lives or fortunes, private judgment will generally yield to the impetuosity of the torrent.

But such a rush of numbers may happen, as it has done in the history of these States, when they became States, and when there is good reason to expect from this means a relief from many most serious grievances, and almost everything good is hoped for as the probable result.

But whenever such an event shall happen as a blind impulse of feeling—infused by the hatred of those who should not be hated—but if not guided or only misguided by superior intelligence—with not a particle or only a particle of good to be hoped for while civil war and its consequences must be most appalling—it will anywhere be only another instance of that folly which has so many times self-afflicted certain portions of the world. But, in these remarks, we do not deny that war is sometimes a necessary evil. Neither would we refuse to an oppressed people the right of revolution. There is abundant reason for such changes in Europe, either by peaceful or forcible means. And if no intervention, as lately recommended by a member of the English Parliament, was the rule, which the Nations were bound to follow, such changes would not only be attempted, but made as they should be, from time to time, in any country. And in these changes there would be improvement, to compensate for the hardships and hazards of battle. But what is a most revolting spectacle too often exhibited in that quarter, and one that may be soon seen again, is this dash of one nation against another, to which the peoples are made to submit, without any interest in the question beyond the number of lives to be lost.

And yet these are your conservative governments, are they? And this is the character and conduct which prove the peoples incapable of self-government, is it? Some doves to these despotic rulers, who are they? Not one of them, it is likely, who would be considered a decent member of society in this country. But if not on the throne, there are minds behind the throne, to control the fate of subjects.—There, if we could lift the veil, might be seen the real cause of the difficulty between the expected belligerents—but not to be discussed in public. It may be as safe to interest the Nations, and to a greater extent than the Cabinet of each may be considered a national interest. A remnant of the revolutions of 1848, is remaining in the north of Italy. There is an unsettled controversy between Sardinia and the head of the Papal States. Austria has espoused the Papal, and France, the Sardinian side of the controversy. And Austria has been extending her power, by secret treaties, beyond the provinces in the north of Italy, transferred to her in the council of diplomatics in 1854, to be a barrier against the ambition of France. And another remnant, though not of the same sort, of the cuttings and slittings of peoples, by those who control the affairs of Nations in that quarter of the world.

It can hardly be expected that preliminaries for the session of the proposed Congress, will be agreed upon between all the several powers. Allegedly, this seems to be the most difficult question to settle peaceably, that has arisen in Europe for ages. It is a question too, in which the minds as well as the bayonets of the United States, in a contest of this kind, may not be insuperable.

The audience to be given by the service to Sardinia, will remind the reader of the service the Lure Lure was to the cause of

Independence on this side of the water. How French troops and officers, and French coins and courage, came in good time to help forward, the good cause. It was here indeed that they made their entry, and here that they paid the first and highest honors to the American Commander-in-Chief—and acknowledged his rank, above their own, in his higher character as Marshal of France.

But if, after all this preparation, Sardinia should not be succored and sustained in her rights, NAPOLEON will not be entitled to the name he is bearing, and the result of the expected campaign will be most ridiculous. The forces already mustered in the south of France, are reported to be on a most gigantic scale, and more effective than those with which the Great Captain invaded Russia. There are many circumstances to recommend defence, which cannot be pleaded to extenuate aggression. But war once begun as offensive, may be carried into the enemy's territory by the offend party. And if there are principles worth contending for, at stake, the supporters of those principles will hope, that Vienna will be found farther south than Moscow. At present, however, we only look upon Europe, as from one of our cliffs we may upon the Ocean, when the ripples are playing sportively in the sunbeams, or gaily frisking among the rocks as they reach the shore. The contrast may come, when the storm shall rage—the tossing of the deep sea; and the roar of its many voices, heard.

THE SICKLES trial is over. The prisoner is acquitted. The public are left to entertain their own opinions, according to the various views which each one may have upon the subject.

In reading the charge of the Court, we did not find any instruction given in reference to the effect of an attempt to repeat the injury before inflicted upon the prisoner. He may have had time to recover in some degree from the first shock; but it is not a question of time, as nothing can be more uncertain than whether time can administer any relief in such a case; but if there was half a day or more, and then the same person is seen to proceed to repeat the same injury, this fact would tear open a healing wound, if indeed it was healing. How an interval, under this circumstance, could be of any advantage to the responsible condition of a husband's mind, it is hard to conceive. At any time, we should think, after the first shock, the unmistakable attempt to repeat, would be a greater provocation than the striking of the first blow—as it is by repetition, that life or death is lost.

This becomes more evident, if we consider what is the action of the mind in a healthy and sound state. It does not dwell upon one idea exclusively, but compares one idea with another—changes the train of thoughts at pleasure—attention upon one or transfers it to another—arrests some ideas and excludes others—according to the relation or connection between them. This power is lost, in a greater or less degree, to those who are not sane. Sometimes the mind is entirely under the influence of a single impression, without the power of dismissing it, or of comparing it with other impressions. Sometimes it is confined to a train of impressions, which succeed one another without being subject to any control. From these definitions of insanity, it is evident, that without any other cause, those who voluntarily dwell upon one class of ideas only, are constantly tending to that condition. As the current of thought, when once it has worn a channel so deep that it must always be confined within the banks, has to this extent the peculiar elements of a confirmed insanity.

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It can hardly be expected that preliminaries for the session of the proposed Congress, will be agreed upon between all the several powers.

Allegedly, this seems to be the most difficult question to settle peaceably, that has arisen in Europe for ages. It is a question too, in which the minds as well as the bayonets of the United States, in a contest of this kind, may not be insuperable.

The audience to be given by the service to Sardinia, will remind the reader of the service the Lure Lure was to the cause of

Independence on this side of the water. How French troops and officers, and French coins and courage, came in good time to help forward, the good cause. It was here indeed that they made their entry, and here that they paid the first and highest honors to the American Commander-in-Chief—and acknowledged his rank, above their own, in his higher character as Marshal of France.

But if, after all this preparation, Sardinia should not be succored and sustained in her rights, NAPOLEON will not be entitled to the name he is bearing, and the result of the expected campaign will be most ridiculous.

The forces already mustered in the south of France, are reported to be on a most gigantic scale, and more effective than those with which the Great Captain invaded Russia. There are many circumstances to recommend defence, which cannot be pleaded to extenuate aggression.

But war once begun as offensive, may be carried into the enemy's territory by the offend party. And if there are principles worth contending for, at stake, the supporters of those principles will hope, that Vienna will be found farther south than Moscow. At present, however, we only look upon Europe, as from one of our cliffs we may upon the Ocean, when the ripples are playing sportively in the sunbeams, or gaily frisking among the rocks as they reach the shore. The contrast may come, when the storm shall rage—the tossing of the deep sea; and the roar of its many voices, heard.

THE SICKLES trial is over. The prisoner is acquitted. The public are left to entertain their own opinions, according to the various views which each one may have upon the subject.

In reading the charge of the Court, we did not find any instruction given in reference to the effect of an attempt to repeat the injury before inflicted upon the prisoner. He may have had time to recover in some degree from the first shock; but it is not a question of time, as nothing can be more uncertain than whether time can administer any relief in such a case; but if there was half a day or more, and then the same person is seen to proceed to repeat the same injury, this fact would tear open a healing wound, if indeed it was healing. How an interval, under this circumstance, could be of any advantage to the responsible condition of a husband's mind, it is hard to conceive. At any time, we should think, after the first shock, the unmistakable attempt to repeat, would be a greater provocation than the striking of the first blow—as it is by repetition, that life or death is lost.

This becomes more evident, if we consider what is the action of the mind in a healthy and sound state. It does not dwell upon one idea exclusively, but compares one idea with another—changes the train of thoughts at pleasure—attention upon one or transfers it to another—arrests some ideas and excludes others—according to the relation or connection between them. This power is lost, in a greater or less degree, to those who are not sane. Sometimes the mind is entirely under the influence of a single impression, without the power of dismissing it, or of comparing it with other impressions. Sometimes it is confined to a train of impressions, which succeed one another without being subject to any control. From these definitions of insanity, it is evident, that without any other cause, those who voluntarily dwell upon one class of ideas only, are constantly tending to that condition. As the current of thought, when once it has worn a channel so deep that it must always be confined within the banks, has to this extent the peculiar elements of a confirmed insanity.

It is a presumption of law, in such cases, that every man is sane, and that the taking away of the life of another is always a matter of malice.

With which they value more than their lives or fortunes, private judgment will generally yield to the impetuosity of the torrent.

But such a rush of numbers may happen, as it has done in the history of these States, when they became States, and when there is good reason to expect from this means a relief from many most serious grievances, and almost everything good is hoped for as the probable result.

But whenever such an event shall happen as a blind impulse of feeling—infused by the hatred of those who should not be hated—but if not guided or only misguided by superior intelligence—with not a particle or only a particle of good to be hoped for while civil war and its consequences must be most appalling—it will anywhere be only another instance of that folly which has so many times self-afflicted certain portions of the world. But, in these remarks, we do not deny that war is sometimes a necessary evil. Neither would we refuse to an oppressed people the right of revolution. There is abundant reason for such changes in Europe, either by peaceful or forcible means. And if no intervention, as lately recommended by a member of the English Parliament, was the rule, which the Nations were bound to follow, such changes would not only be attempted, but made as they should be, from time to time, in any country. And in these changes there would be improvement, to compensate for the hardships and hazards of battle. But what is a most revolting spectacle too often exhibited in that quarter, and one that may be soon seen again, is this dash of one nation against another, to which the peoples are made to submit, without any interest in the question beyond the number of lives to be lost.

And yet these are your conservative governments, are they? And this is the character and conduct which prove the peoples incapable of self-government, is it?

Some doves to these despotic rulers, who are they? Not one of them, it is likely, who would be considered a decent member of society in this country. But if not on the throne, there are minds behind the throne, to control the fate of subjects.—There, if we could lift the veil, might be seen the real cause of the difficulty between the expected belligerents—but not to be discussed in public. It may be as safe to interest the Nations, and to a greater extent than the Cabinet of each may be considered a national interest. A remnant of the revolutions of 1848, is remaining in the north of Italy. There is an unsettled controversy between Sardinia and the head of the Papal States. Austria has espoused

SCIENCE OF THINGS FAMILIAR.—Why is rain water soft? Because it is not impregnated with salts and minerals.

Is it more easy to wash with soft water than with hard? Because soft water unites freely with soap and dissolves it, instead of decomposing it as hard water does.

Why do wood ashes make hard water soft?—Because the carbonic acid of wood ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in the hard water, and converts it into chalk; 2d, wood ashes also convert some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble, and throw them down as a sediment by which the water remains more pure.

Why has rain water such an unpleasant smell when it is collected in a rain bar' or tank? Because it is impregnated with decomposed organic matters washed from the roots, trees, or the rocks in which it is collected.

How does blowing hot foods make them cool? It causes the air which has been heated by food to change more rapidly, and give place to fresh cold air.

Why do ladies fan themselves in hot weather? That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their face by the action of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes one cool.

Does a fan cool the air? No, it makes the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat from our face; but it cools our face by transferring its heat to the air.

Why is there always a strong draft under the door and through the crevices? Because cold air rushes from the hall to supply the void in the room caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, &c.

Why is there always a strong draft through the window crevices? Because the air in the room we occupy is warmer than the air in the hall; therefore the air is rushing through the key hole into the room, and causes a draft.

Why is there a room best ventilated by opening the upper sash? Because the hot air, which always ascends toward the ceiling, can escape more easily.

By which means is a hot room more quickly cooled by opening the upper or lower sash? Explain the reason of this. If the lower sash be opened, the cold external air will rush freely into the room and cause a great inward draft; but if the upper sash be open, the heated air of the room rushes out, and, of course, there will be less draft inward.

Why is there a room best ventilated by opening the upper sash? Because the hot air, which always ascends toward the ceiling, can escape more easily.

Which is the hottest place in a church or chapel? The gallery.

Why is the gallery of all public places hotter than the lower parts of the buildings? Because the heated air of the buildings ascends, and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows keeps to the floor till it becomes heated.—*Scientific American*.

DEATH FROM A SINGULAR CAUSE.—Mr. Lewis Applegate, an old and much respected citizen of Brooklyn, died at the age of ninety-one.

Some three months since, he was engaged in paring down a corn on one of his toes. He had cut too deep, causing it to bleed. He took cold in the wound, which caused it to inflame so much that about two weeks since, it was found necessary to amputate the toe. After this operation he lay in a swoon, in consequence of being not sufficiently vital in the limb, to heal the wound. Epilepsia set in and this eventually caused his death.

The Providence Journal announces that Rev. Moses Fifield, known and beloved all over New England as one of the most devoted members of the Methodist church, died at his residence in Warwick, R. I., on Tuesday, aged nearly seventy.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

H. M. MONSANTO, GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE, connected as Teacher of Modern Languages with the BERKELEY INSTITUTE of this city, having given lectures and evenings unbroken, offers his services during those hours to persons wishing to study the French, Spanish or Italian languages. Applications received at the Berkeley Institute during the class hours or at the Aquidneck House in the afternoon.

May 7—3m

BERKELEY INSTITUTE.

THE FOURTH YEAR of this School commenced on TUESDAY, Sept. 7, 1858.

The three Departments, English, Classic and French.

Applications received at the School Rooms, 15 Washington Square, or address box 805.

WM. C. LEVERETT.

WM. H. SMITH,
DENTIST,
SWINBURNE'S BLOCK,
139 THAMES STREET,
Newport, R. I.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

THE "INDIAN EMMENOGUE" is a new and elegant book designed especially for Females. It is a perfect plan, which from time immemorial has rendered perfection among the natives so easy, and so safe. The author has given a history of the uses of this wild plant, which was recently obtained from Sir George's Island, now residing at Syracuse, N. Y., as the best plan, now existing. The book is well bound, and contains many valuable and interesting bottles with directions for using, and is warranted to cure any case of female obstraction in women.

This may soon become a valuable article.

The price is \$1.00. Pure vegetables, and perfectly safe at all times.

"Remember, that the only medicines of the kind that are safe, are those of a woman's womb, confidence."

Sent by express to all parts of the country. Sold only at DR. MATSON'S GENERAL INSTITUTE, No. 28 Union Street, Providence, R. I.

See advertisement in this paper.

PUBLISHER'S AGENCY.—Mr. S. Clough, formerly of D. Kimball & Co., has opened an office at 16 Westminster street, Providence, where most of the valuable subscription works published in this country can be procured as soon as issued. The New American Cyclopaedia, Worcester's Quarto Dictionary, and the Life and Adventures of Kit Carson, are among the works to which he is at present devoting his attention. Any orders left at this office for Mr. Clough, will be forwarded to him.

Feb 5—

MARRIED.

In this city, 28th ult., ABRAM BROWNELL to Mrs. BENJAMINA, daughter of Peleg Sanford.

In Providence, 28th ult., PHILIP CHACE, Jr., to ELIZABETH A. Bowen, both of Warren; 1st instant, ANDREW J. DEXTER to ELIZABETH H. Pierce, both of P.

DIED.

In this city, 28th ult., MRS. NANCY EDWARDS, wife of M. John Edwards, aged 70 years.

In this city, 28th ult., MRS. SARAH WHITE-BROWN, widow of Wm. White, aged 70 years of her age.

In this city, 5th inst., MRS. ELIZABETH STANLEY, aged 22 years.

Funeral at 3 o'clock, this (Saturday) afternoon, at the house of Mr. Geo. N. Lawton, Poplar street. Relatives and friends are specially invited to attend without further notice.

In Portsmouth, 24th ult., GEORGE L. POTTER, Esq., in the 69th year of his age.

Mr. Potter was the kind and intelligent head of a large family; a man of the most strict integrity, highly respected and esteemed by all who knew him. For several years he was a member of the Town Council of Portsmouth.

In Portsmouth, 3d inst., after a lingering illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, MR. JAMES SAWYER, in the 71st year of his age.

In Providence, 28th ult., MARY JANE, daughter of Jonathan Freshour, aged 27 years; 29th, HARRIET N., wife of George H. Brownie, 29th, ELIZABETH Y., daughter of Durias Sessions; 1st inst., JANE, wife of John Phiney, aged 56 years; 2d, HENRY BURN, aged 31 years; 4th, FREDERICK B., son of George Beverly, aged 16 years; 5th, CHARLES HARRIS, aged 22 years.

In Little Compton, R. I., 28th ult., JULIA, wife of Andrew G. Seabury, aged 31 years.

In Providence, Miss LUCY DUNKEE, aged 70 years.

At Grand Rapids, Mich., 27th ult., of consumption, Miss ANNA, eldest daughter of Amrose and Martha M. Chamberlin, aged 20 years.

May 7—

EXERCISE OUT OF DOORS.—Now that the genial season is advancing, when nature tempts us to "go forth under the open sky"—it would not be necessary to set forth the need of daily exercise, were not the habits of American women absolutely vicious in this respect. We might look over the world in vain for another people like ours for in-door confinement, not only in our large towns and cities, but in the country. As a consequence the health is impaired, and cheerfulness is a stranger to the family hearth, around which the matrons sit and smoke. Not only are they self-condemned to this imprisonment; but their innocent children too, are debarred from their birthright of air and sunshine. The Germans in the old country, the French peasantry, may be gay and happy, with their toil and their crust; they have no holidays, and their health, from the public gardens, where they gain health and vigor by recreation. The women spend several hours every day out of doors. But American dames, rich and poor, make their walks far and far between, and shiver over fires with a novel, or work in the house with doors and windows shut.

The robust health of English ladies is often spoken of, and their pedestrian achievements; but what American lady would not shrink at the idea of being expected to walk six or eight miles on a stretch? They could not do it! No—they could not; because they have never been used to exercise, and half a mile exhausts their strength. So, between this habitual indolence and late hours, they lose the fresh beauty of girhood before they are out of their teens; and for forty they are victims to chronic disease.

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